

Eng. Poetry vol. 11.

T H E

Evening's Walk.

A

P O E M.

*He's blest whose Sins have Pardon gain'd,
No more in Judgment to appear;
Whose Guilt Remission has obtain'd,
And whose Repentance is sincere.*



L O N D O N:

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THE

SCOTT'S

P. O. E. M.



6

P R E F A C E.

THE stupid lethargic State in which Mankind lie, is so as really to surpass all possible Description; St. Paul calls it, being *benumbed*, or, as it is rendered, *past feeling*; and in another Place, *having the Conscience seared with a hot Iron*, both which denote the Subject so affected, to be incapable of receiving a sensible Impression from any Object; and truly our blessed Saviour has described all Persons in a natural State to be so *past feeling* in an eminent Degree; for what can convey a stronger Idea of Insensibility than a Corpse, a Lump of senseless Clay? And thus he speaks of them, "Let the *Dead* bury their Dead." But if we take notice of their utter Inattention to that which should intirely employ all their Faculties, and fill them with an irrecoverable Amazement; if, I say, we observe that astonishing Insensibility, we must with humble acknowledgment admire the Aptitude of our blessed Saviour's Expression.

iv P R E F A C E.

THAT GOD, the CREATOR, who by his bare Will produced all Things out of Nothing, *Let there be Light, and there was Light*; that HE, when He saw his Creature had marred itself, and had sunk itself into inconceivable Filth and Misery, should take upon Himself the Form of that very Creature, come and live amongst them in their polluted Condition, not in a State of Ease, but in a low Condition of Life, ever burdened with Griefs from the Manger to the Cross, so that he was in an inexpressible Degree *a Man of Sorrows and acquainted with Griefs*, and tho' never in the least tainted by their Filth, yet, having made Himself capable of suffering the utmost Depth of their Misery, did actually undergo it, that He might thereby free *them* from an inconceivably horrid Condition into which they were plunged, and under which they must have groaned in all Eternity; (and this he actually did at an immense Price, with the Loss of all his Blood, which he poured out on the Cross :) Now, I say, that *GOD over all blessed for ever* should have given such a striking and extraordinary Instance of his unbounded Love to his fallen and sinful Creature Man; and that Man should be told this, hear it, and not be irrecoverably astonished

P R E F A C E. V

nished at it, not fall in the Dust before his Saviour and do as *Magdalen* did, is, I think, as great a Wonder as any that has happened since the Creation, except the Incarnation of our adorable and loving GOD.

If any thing similar to this was to happen among Men, I should have all the World on my Side without Exception; but in this Case I cannot, nor do I expect it. It is indeed impossible that we should find a parallel Case; but let us suppose something a little like it; e. g. A Man, whom I shall note by *B.* is very distant from his native City, and is on the Road to it, but he has an Enemy *C.* who knowing which Way he must go is determined to destroy him; this Enemy is by far too powerful for him, he can by no Means withstand him, and yet he cannot possibly avoid him; one *D.* a Person of very high Rank, whom *B.* had grievously insulted and ill treated, and did still continue to do so, being informed of the matter, without being applied to by *B.* (who indeed would never have thought of applying to him for Help) sets forward on this Road to defeat this *C.* the Enemy of *B.* that thereby *B.* might reach his native City, and avoid that Destruction which was inevitable to him; (for *D.* had otherwise no Business on that

yi P R E F A C E.

that Road) well! as *D.* was by far the strongest, he defeated *B.*'s Enemy, and comes afterwards to *B.* and shews him the Wounds he has received in order to deliver him from all Danger and Destruction, assures him he has no Remembrance of what has passed between them, but that he has a burning Love towards him (as this certainly was the highest Instance that could be of it) and only demands that *B.* would put Confidence in him, and esteem him as his true Friend, for that he really is so, and that he would accept of him as his Protector on the Road to his native City, where he assured him he would conduct him safe; this generous, extraordinary and advantageous offer, notwithstanding *D.*'s earnest Intreaties, *B.* instead of accepting with many grateful Thanks, refuses with his accustomed Insults and Ill-treatment, sets forward without *D.* and is destroyed by *C.* Let all Men judge of *B.*'s Behaviour, and likewise of *D.*'s.

HOWEVER, though all Men are really dead to the Goodness of their Creator and Saviour in his Redemption of them from utter Misery; yet I can say it; and I have his constant and uniform Conduct to support it, and I know I speak Truth, that HE with inexpressible Tenderness calls them to *Life*,
and

P R E F A C E. vii

and says, that *though they are dead, yet shall they live, if they believe in Him.* 'Tis purely on that Account, that they may be induced to *believe in Him*, and attend to *Him*, that I have published this little Poem, which has fallen into my Hands; where Repentance and some other Gospel-matters are prettily and easily explained. That it may be of Service to them to bring them to the TRUE and FAITHFUL SHEPHERD of their Souls, is the very earnest and hearty Wish of

Their poor unworthy

Brother in Christ Jesus,

H. B. L.

P R E F A C E

and says, that though they are dead, yet God
they live, if they believe in Him. I am firmly
on that Account, that they may be induced
to believe in Him, and attend to His Word,
I have published this little Treatise, which has
fallen into my hands; whose Importance
and some other God's matters are, truly
and really explained. That it may be of
Service to them in doing them to the
GLORY and PRAISEFUL SERVICE
of their Souls, is the very earnest and hearty
Wish of

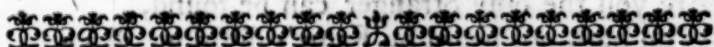
Thos. Foxcroft

Author of the

H. T. P.



T H E
EVENING'S WALK, &c.



WHEN *Sion's* Prince, the World's Al-
 mighty Heir
 W Laid by his Robe of Light and sojourn'd
 here,
 And clad in Rags, unheeded by his own,
 In *Salem's* awful Courts convers'd unknown;
 Two happy friends, by some Occasion press'd,
 To visit *Emmaus-Town* their Steps address'd;
 A Neighb'ring Spot, from *Sion's* Towers view'd,
 Some three-score Furlongs distant only stood.
 At Day's Decline together forth they went,
 With pensive Hearts, and musing Minds, intent
 On things they'd seen of wondrous Kind and Woe,
 And count them over onward as they go;
 Their People's Rage, and their Priest's bitter Ire,
 How *Herod*, Priest, and *Pilate* all conspire;
 How diff'ring Interests did herein agree
 To nail their loving Master to the Tree,

B

And

And how His Death their Hopes had quash'd and
broke,

And left them still to drag the *Roman* Yoke.

But e'er they reach the Place, they turn and find
A venerable Stranger come behind ;

Who thus salutes them, Hail, ye Friends, all hail !

Tell what's the Purport of your earnest Tale,

What sad Communion is this that you hold ?

Shew me your Griefs, and let your Case be told.

To whom *Cleopas* (so was call'd the one,

The other's Name by Age and Time's unknown)

Said, Sir, in *Salem's* Walls, and all around,

Are you the only Stranger can be found,

Who hath not heard by Fame's diffusing Blaze

The Thing that's come to pass in these our Days ?

STRANGER.

What Thing, my Friend ? Come let a Stran-
ger hear ;

My Words your Doubts may solve, or soothe your
Care.

CLEOPAS.

Concerning Christ, a Prophet just and true
Before our God and all the People too ;

Him have our Rulers seiz'd and put to Pain,

Scourg'd, crown'd with Thorns, and most unjust-
ly slain :

But we did trust 'twere He *Rome's* Pride should
check,

And break off *Cesar's* Yoke from *Sion's* Neck.

Since when two Days are only past and gone,

And this third Morning-Light began to dawn,

When

When Friends of ours with eager Steps repair'd
 To view the Place where lay the Corpse interr'd,
 But find him not ; return surpris'd and tell
 Of two fair Angels sitting in the Cell
 In milky Robes, who friendly to them said,
 " Come see the Place where your lov'd Lord was
 " laid ;
 " Behold He's risen, Death holds Him no more,
 " And gone along to *Galilee* before."
 This puzzles much, we cannot comprehend,
 Nor know we whereunto this Thing will tend.

S T R A N G E R.

Ah foolish faithless Hearts! that know not yet
 What all the Prophets said, and Scribes have writ;
 How Christ should pay his Blood a Price for Sin,
 And thence a glorious Period should begin ;
 His Blood, I say, shall once for all atone,
 As once a Year was evidently shewn,
 When *Moses* gave you his Atoning-Day,
 By God's command, to take your Sins away.

C L E O P A S.

Forgive me, Sir ! it so to us appears,
 Not Death and Blood, but Life and length of
 Years
 Attend on all our wish'd *Messiah's* Ways ;
 And so indeed the Scripture plainly says,
 His *Life* must help ; but granting He should die,
 What Gain or Profit should we get thereby ?

S T R A N G E R.

God gave your Fathers, each revolving Year,
 As I have said, a Day to purge and clear
 From Guilt of Sin ; and Beasts he gave likewise
 To be a substitutive Sacrifice.
 But tell me now, what Profit could you gain
 From Day, or Year, or Beast, unless 'twas slain ?
 Unless its Blood was pour'd before the Throne,
 The Mercy-Seat, where dwelt the Holy One,
 Where Mortal tread ne'er prest, but only He
 Who bore your Sins and your Iniquity ?
 Now see, my Friends, have you consider'd well,
 And thus much know ? if not, be plain and tell.

C L E O P A S.

We know that *Moses* once assign'd a Day
 To expiate and take our Sins away ;
 'Twas Day the tenth of seventh Month, that he
 Did set apart to that Solemnity ;
 At which bless'd Time the Sacrifice was made,
 And *Aaron's* Son the reeking Blood convey'd
 Within the Vail, where awful Cherubs stand,
 And mighty Wings from side to side expand,
 And where betwixt upon the Ark did dwell
 The Presence of the Hope of *Israel*.
 We also know, that there the Blood was pour'd,
 That pard'ning Grace for all our Tribes procur'd,
 Pour'd out in solemn Order on the Ground
 By *Aaron's* Hand, and sprinkled all around.
 Hereby the Souls that cordially embrac'd
 The kind Design, were all from Guilt releas'd,
 Absolv'd

Absolv'd and pardon'd, purg'd from all their Sin,
 That chearful Days they might again begin.
 So much we know, this understand we well :
 How it *Messiah* shews we cannot tell ;
 Or how our Master's Death is here imply'd,
 We cannot Skill to say or to decide ;
 But this we leave your Wisdom to explain,
 If possible this Thing can Truth contain.
 And since the Village-tops, whereto we go,
 Still cross the Fields do at a Distance show,
 And Time permits, fulfill this our Desire,
 For these thy Words have set our Hearts on fire.

S T R A N G E R.

Herein the Truth thou rightly hast declar'd,
 That Day of Mercy was for all prepar'd,
 For every one who only acquiesc'd,
 Believ'd, and all his helpless Case confess'd ;
 For ev'ry Heart who only did relent,
 And find its wretched Plight, and so repent.
 And who repented, Mercy found, though worst,
 But who refus'd, himself cut off and curst.

C L E O P A S.

Repent, 'tis just, 'tis right it should be so ;
 But what *Repentance* means, pray plainly shew ;
 For if the whole doth on this Part depend,
 Then we this Part should rightly comprehend.
Alms, Fastings, Pray'r, our Scribes and Doctors
 say ;
 If this be not Repentance, tell us pray.

S T R A N G E R.

STRANGER.

A Change of Will, a new and After-mind,
Convinc'd, amaz'd, its stupid Case to find.*
Thus Wisdom's Children did upon that Day
Repent, when far their Sins were sent away,
Laid on the wand'ring Goat, who quickly bore
Them where they ne'er should be remember'd more.

CLEOPAS.

Ah happy Days were these, thrice happy Times,
When *Isr'el* pardon'd stood of all her Crimes.

STRANGER.

Happy indeed they were, must all confess,
When Guilt and Grievs were gone, but ne'ertheless
Think not that *Isr'el*'s narrow Limits can
Jehovah's Grace and pard'ning Mercy scan.
What, if his boundless Love prefix'd a Day
To take the Sins of all the World away ;
A Day like *that*, wherein he would atone,
And Pardon bring for all and ev'ry one
Of *Adam*'s Sons, who cordially embrace
And choose the one Condition of the Grace !
What if such Blood pour'd out and sprinkled be,
As bought the World with utmost Equity !
Would such like Things as these still strange appear,
Or have you Eyes and Ears, that see and hear ?

CLEO

* *Metanoia.*

CLEOPAS.

Strange 'tis indeed, but yet methinks I see
 Some dawning Hopes of Possibility.
 But this Objection I must mention here.
 And beg you would excuse, and make it clear.
As bought the World? this Thing doth strangely sound;
 Where could an equal Sacrifice be found?
 What Blood, I pray, could be of such Esteem,
 To buy a World, a World of Souls redeem?

STRANGER.

If you object, and Reasons seek, then pray
 Come tell me now, (I ask in Reason's way)
 Is not the Potter justly more esteem'd,
 Than Pots or Clay or are or can be deem'd?
 The Maker of the Thing is surely said
 In Value to exceed the Thing that's made:
 The World's Creator ('t can't be disannull'd,)
 More worthy is than the created World.
 And what! suppose 'twere HE did Flesh become,
 And with his Blood paid down the mighty Sum:
 Were not the Purchase just, as were his Claim
 To every human Heart and every Limb?

CLEOPAS.

'Twere just indeed, O strange stupendous Love!
 My Heart and Limbs shall ne'er ungrateful prove
 To such a Friend, who Equal never knew,
 If what you here suggest be only true.

If

If true it be, if the Creator were
 Once found in Flesh, as we frail Creatures are ;
 Then none so worthy, none so like to be,
 In all Respects, that blessed Man as HE —
 Our Master, Sir, we mean, a Friend indeed
 To friendless Folk and all who were in Need.
 Upright and just, kind, gentle, truly wise,
 He lov'd the homely Truth, but hated Guise.
 Had you his bless'd Demeanour ever seen,
 Or e'er had one of his Acquaintance been,
 His Absence surely Grief of Heart would be,
 And you'd lament him too as well as we.
 What heav'nly Wisdom did his Lips impart,
 Life-giving Words, that kindled round the Heart ;
 To us his speaking always fresh appears,
 And each reviving Thought revives our Tears.

STRANGER.

If e'er a Stranger's Words can yield Relief,
 Then cease repining, Tears and needless Grief,
 For if those faithful Angels ascertain
 (As you have said) your Master lives again,
 No need of Tears ; nor should their News surprise,
 Who thus did die for Sin, must needs arise ;
 Else how should He to Heaven's Throne ascend,
 Where living Cherubs chearful round attend,
 And there his Blood and Wounds, and Bruises shew,
 And Pardon claim for Sinners here below ?
 And now I bid adieu, my loving Friends,
 If at this Village here your Journey ends ;
 Mine farther lies, I onward still must go,
 For my Affairs require it should be so.

C L E O.

CLEOPAS.

Nay, gentle Stranger, nay; but be content,
Behold the fleeting Day's already spent,
And sable Night pours over all-so-fast,
Come lodge and share our welcome poor Repast.
Here dwells a Friend, whose Heart we can assure
Stands open wide, as this his open Door.
Come enter here, we must not be deny'd;
Pray give your Hand, and let me be your Guide.

STRANGER.

Well! be it now according to your Mind;
But lead the Way, and I shall walk behind.

CLEOPAS.

Now sit you, Sir, see here's already Meat,
And Plenty too, come plentifully eat.

STRANGER.

Accept my Thanks, but press no more, I pray;
I'll sit awhile, yet haste forbids my stay.
I've other Meat to eat and Work to do,
However I will bless and break for you;
Here take, dear Souls, and eat! be op'd your Eyes,
Your Master see! let not the Sight surprize,
Be not dismay'd, 'tis I, behold my Face!—
Farewell!—I'll meet you in another Place.

C

CLEO-

CLEOPAS.

O lovely Face! Each Feature I can see :
 Our Master 'tis indeed ! indeed 'tis he.
 Stay, Master, stay, what Evil have we done,
 That thou art here no sooner seen than gone ?

FRIEND.

Hush ! hush ! *Cleopas*, cease this loud Adoe,
 I see and know 'tis He as well as you.
 Speak low, dear Friend, do not so loudly call,
 Lest we offend, He Reasons has for all.
 'Tis He indeed ; His Port I quickly knew,
 His blessed Face, His Love and Sweetness too.
 True was the Tale the Women told To-day,
 Now we have seen Him too as well as they.
 Come, come, *Cleopas*, rise and let us go,
 And this glad News to our Acquaintance shew ;
 Come, tarry not, we'll back with haste repair.
 Kind Host, good Night ! be thank'd for all your
 Care,

When we again shall here thy Face behold,
 The Cause of this our Haste shall then be told.
 Now come, *Cleopas*, come : but mind I pray,
 Here to the Right lies our more ready Way,
 A-cross the Green, tho' dark, the Path is plain,
 Then o'er the Fields into the Road again.
 What Things, dear Friend, this Eve have blest'd
 our Eyes !

How glad am I of this our sweet surprize !
 Who would have thought, when here we pass'd by,
 Our Master made a third in th' Company ?

At

[19]

At yonder Stile he stop'd and talk'd, you know;
 And said withal that He must farther go.
 Burnt not our Hearts within our beating Breast,
 When He his Death so roundly did suggest?
 When He and you conferr'd along the Way,
 I silent went, and mark'd what He did say.
 As nightly Dews reviving Drops impart,
 So drop'd His Words on my benighted Heart;
 And though but few did such a Shine afford,
 His great Salvation-Plan I soon explor'd.
 'Tis great indeed; where hath he Counsel sought?
 Or who such Heights and Depths of Wisdom taught?
 What Majesty and Mercy does one see,
 And Truth and Love in this Economy!
 Unable the Proceedure I to shew,
 Or Order tell, but what I can I'll do.

C L E O P A S.

Do so, dear Friend, for grant to others skill,
 Yet this I know, thou hast as good a Will:
 And Heart and Will 'mongst Friends like you and
 Shall make Amends for Inability. [me,
 And here too Time and Place might plead some
 Right,
 We're on the Road in Covert of the Night,
 Nor need we hurry much, it is not late,
 Few Hours will bring us back to Salem's Gate.

F R I E N D.

Al! feeble Gate, and faithless City too!
 I sigh to think what must and will ensue.

What strange Stupidity hath clos'd her Eyes,
 She self-esteem'd, the only Good and Wise,
 Yet 'midst her Wisdom, so unwise has been,
 To think the Blood of Beasts could cancel Sin.
 For Sin, we thought, no mighty Taint convey'd
 A trivial Debt that easily was paid.
 But no such Matter ; ne'er was Creature found
 In Glory's Realms to do't, tho' sought all round ;
 Nor all their Host, tho' all were joyn'd in one,
 Could pay the Debt, or Taint of Sin atone.
 Then the Creator, or (what is the same)
 Our Master, Surety for the Debt became ;
 When *Adam* finn'd thro' Unbelief and fell,
 And drew us to the dark Precincts of Hell,
 Then HE engag'd, prescrib'd the Year and Day,
 And promis'd He would come Himself and pay.
 Till when he substituted in His Place
 Our Sacrifice of Beasts, and Day of Grace,
 Or what we call the high Atoning-Day,
 Where his Design in nice Proportion lay,
 And where the Blood, as proxy, Year by Year
 Procur'd our Peace, till HE should once appear.
 And now He's come, all full of glad'ning Grace ;
 Our legal Types to Truth must yield their Place.
 That pard'ning Love which was to us confin'd,
 Must be promulg'd to all the human Kind :
 Our little Model must be set aside,
 Since Who created all, for all has dy'd ;
 Dy'd on the Cross and pay'd off all the Score
 That strictest Justice could demand, and more.
 Smear'd with his blessed Blood you know he hung,
 (Our Eyes beheld Him) o'er the stupid Throng,
 Who prest around and loudly did exclaim,
 Their Priests to please, and Him, Just Soul, defame.

Ah

Ah why, *Caiaphas*, why, so madly bent
 'Gainst Him thy Office does but represent ?
 Consider Man, and know, unwise, that you
 Are but a typic Priest, and HE the true.
 What bodes the Signet hanging on thy Breast ?
 His Childrens Names are on His Heart impress'd,
 And in the Palms of both His holy Hands
 Ingrav'd with Iron their Memorial stands.
 And where the Mitre to thy Front is bound,
 There bloody Proofs of Love his Brow surround.
 Thee and thy terrene Tabernacle too
 We need no more, for God has pitch'd a-new
 On Earth his Tent, the beaming Glories play
 Down from the Temple of eternal Day.
 There, with His Blood, our Priest shall soon ascend,
 And Saints and Angels his Ascent attend ;
 On either Side a joyful Train shall be,
 A little Sketch of what we once shall see ;
 And Millions joyn'd make Glory's Regions ring,
 When HE his Blood before the Throne does bring,
 And with his Finger in the sacred Gore
 Blots all the Book of God's Remembrance o'er,
 Where *Adam's* Sin and ours were writ at large,
 And all the World's collected Debt and Charge,
 Each evil Deed and Word ; the total Sum
 Of ev'ry Soul, past, present, and to come.
 But now's eternal Justice fully paid,
 No Syllable of Wrath can *Satan* read.
 Hear Earth from end to end ! Now on the Score
 Of Sin or Sins dies not a Mortal more.
 What sinks the Soul to Hell and endless Grief
 Is only now ungrateful Unbelief,

A base refusing what his Love procur'd,
 A choosing Darkness, hating to be cur'd.
 And, O *Cleopas*! joyful should I be,
 If all this Moment could be brought to see
 What lasting Treasures God for them design'd,
 And made the Method short that they might find,
 Confirm'd by Testament, all sure and good,
 And sign'd and seal'd with His Almighty Blood.
 But yet, alas! one can already know,
 How in succeeding Times the Thing will go.
 What Numbers *Satan's* subtle Ways shall blind,
 Lest they the Deeds should read, and there should
 To their Surprise their patrimonial Store, [find
 And joyful vow to be his Slaves no more.
 But to return from whence I stept aside:
 No lasting Peace could our short Day provide,
 Both Day and Peace too soon did disappear,
 And needs must be repeated once a Year.
 But this great Day no Night shall ever see
 Till comes the Eve of long Eternity.
 In ev'ry Age as well as ev'ry Land,
 As newly slain his Wounds shall open stand.
 Yea, ev'ry Land; for now's that Saying true,
 That former Things should be created new.
 Our tott'ring *Salem's* boasted Days are o'er,
 For Time's at Hand when she shall be no more,
 But that new Church, our Master call'd his Fold,
 Spread o'er the Earth, Mankind may soon behold;
 One Fold, one Shepherd, and one only Door
 Whereby to enter in, and there's no more.

CLEOPAS.

Ay Fold, and Door ; now surely do I find
 The Things our Master meant, and had in Mind,
 When once he said, *My Sheep shall hear my Voice,*
And in one common Fold follow by Choice.
I am the Door, and whoso'er he be
Will enter in, must enter in through me :
 Tho' then 'twas unintelligible Sound
 To me, and to the *Jews* that stood around.
 But here I'll cease, and give my Brother Room,
 Do thou the Thread I broke again resume,
 Go on and tell, for thou canst better shew
 What's meant by *Door*, and by *therein* to go.

FRIEND.

I will, dear Friend, and you Attention lend,
 And know when our High-Priest shall up ascend,
 While he appears before *Jehovah's* Throne,
 His Servants here below shall make it known,
 Borne upon Love and Zeal's most rapid Wing,
 The joyful News to distant Lands shall bring,
 And tell the *Heathen* People far and wide,
 That antient Friend of theirs for them has dy'd,
 That each, who will but bow his haughty Soul,
 Now in His Blood Atonement-Day may hold :
 This now's the *Door* of our dear Master's Fold. }
 And ev'ry one that would be sav'd from Sin,
 Through this one only Door must enter in.
 Since now, *Cleopas*, you the Threshold know,
 You soon shall see how Men *therein* must go.
 No Pardon *Is't* found till Sin was own'd ;
 Upon that Day when Blood of *Beasts* aton'd,
 Whoe'er

Whoe'er repented not, was not absolv'd,
 Sad Separation on his Head devolv'd ;
 In either Case is the Condition one,
 The same in Kind and Number, one alone.
 But if you bid I briefly will portray
 The right Repentance of the Coming-Day.
 With due Reflection you yourself bethink
 What bitter Draught our faithful Friend did drink,
 And who it was such Grievs did undergo
 To save us from our dark lethargic Woe ;
 Now who ungrateful can withhold his Heart,
 Live unto Self unmindful of his Smart,
 Such Soul is wicked in the highest Sense,
 'Tis this that surely is Impenitence.
 But as our Master's Messengers proceed,
 And thro' the Earth their busy Steps do guide,
 Proclaiming Grace ; whoe'er shall read or hear
 With Heart intent as well as outward Ear,
 And so relenting, change their Mind, and say,
 " Lord God, who dy'd for Sinners, hear I pray !
 " Of Unbelief and Blindness I complain,
 " That Root of Sin ; O let me here obtain
 " Thy Pardon on this glad Atoning-Day,
 " And in thy Blood wash all my Sins away !
 This is Repentance of the truest kind :
 Repentance means so much as Change of Mind,
 An honest Purpose of the Heart to break
 From World's Communion, and itself betake
 To Him * who bled ; with whom one Day to live
 Is greater Wealth than earthly Kings can give.
 Then

* שׁוּב. *The Hebrew Word for Repentance means to return from whence we have strayed. Ezek, xiv. 6—&c.*

Then open is that quick almighty Ear,
 That suchlike Complaints as these is pleas'd to hear,
 And ere the Soul's aware, she will obtain
 A Bliss that mortal Tongue can ne'er explain;
 She views the Sacrifice as on the Tree,
 With joyful Shame, and quite amaz'd to see
 Her kind Creator bleeding so to Death,
 Who lov'd her long, or ere she drew her Breath,
 And to confirm what then he had design'd,
 Confers this Earnest of another Mind,
 Pardon without Reserve, from ev'ry Sin;
 And this, my Brother, 'tis to enter in
 Into our Master's holy, happy Fold,
 Where HE will Shepherd be, as once he told;
 Nor tedious Pennance does Repentance need;
 Vain Self-relief thus fondly doth proceed;
 Such fancy, first to cure their mortal Wound,
 Then let our Master heal and make them sound.
 No; Men must change their Minds without Delay,
 (Mercy then meets them more than half the Way)
 Own all their wretched, lost and helpless Case,
 And God's dear Blood alone for Help embrace.
 Nor his Design should e'er evaded be
 By Shew of false mistaken Modesty;
 Since God will give, Men may with Joy comply,
 Nought recommends them but their Misery,
 That very Guilt and Consciousness which they
 Would make Excuse to keep from Him away.
 So Father *Adam* once did fly, 'tis sure,
 From Him who came in Love to help and cure,
 And when his blest Physician call'd, then he
 Excus'd himself with this false Modesty,
 Which in Effect was just as he should say,
 " Because I needed Thee, I fled away ;

D

" The

" The Serpent gave a mortal Bite, so I
 " Turn'd far from Life, for fear lest I should die."
 Ah foolish Wisdom this ! but this doth show
 The human Wretchedness and Root of Woe,
 That fatal Bite is center'd in the Heart,
 And thence doth poison all and ev'ry Part,
 From Head to Foot, no single Limb is found,
 But Scabs and putrifying Sores abound,
 Blotches of Oaths, that stink and give Offence,
 And itching Spots of sad Concupiscence
 Incessant run, and Boils of Lusts, beside
 The Ulcer old of Unbelief and Pride ;
 A stupid Numbness too has seiz'd the Mind,
 Quite dead to God and Love, and inly blind ;
 Now to this End, as HE himself exprest,
 Our Master here in Flesh was manifest,
 To heal those Wounds, and Faith and Love restore
 Where nought but Self and Sin was seen before.
 And this in future Times, the Truth shall shew,
 If Men have yet received Him, or no ;
 Whoe'er's unheal'd, unchang'd, nor doth repent,
 Hath not embrac'd Him, No, 'tis evident :
 Who's unattach'd to this Physician still,
 His Mercy has not tasted, nor his Skill ;
 And sad's their Case, who so their Cure neglect,
 And make his Blood and Toil of no Effect,
 And all his kind Design, and all he's done
 From Adam's Days, and since the World begun,

CLEOPAS.

Alas for such ! they will repent, I fear,
 When HE to take Account shall once appear,

For

For if our Sin a mortal Sickneſs be,
 And the Almighty Healer, only He,
 What bold Perverſeneſs does this Thing imply,
 Thus to contemn his Grace, and thus to fly ?
 Thus from Relief, and from a Friend to run ;
 The Sick ſhould ne'er a kind Phyſician ſhun.

F R I E N D.

Nor does a kind Phyſician e'er upbraid,
 Or make a fearful Heart ſtill more afraid ;
 He underſtands the Cauſe of Ills too well,
 What doth oppreſs the Sick, and how they feel ;
 But pities ſuch with Tenderneſs of Heart,
 Exerts his Skill, and helps with utmoſt Art.
 If now ſuch Tenderneſs of Heart can grow
 Implanted in a feeble Breſt below,
 How much more tender ſtill and loving HE,
 Who plants this Tenderneſs, Himſelf muſt be ?
 Not to accuſe, or to depreſs us more
 HE came, we juſtly were condemn'd before :
 To heal and make the Heart replete with Blifs,
 This is the Part He acts, and only this.
 And this Affection plainly doth declare
 The greateſt Sinners ſhare his greateſt Care.
 For ſince he came not here the Sound to heal,
 Nor ſuch who fondly think they nothing ail,
 Then who the greateſt Length in Woe have run,
 And who by Sin's Deceits are moſt undone,
 A Prior-right unto his Mercy have,
 And ſuch he evermore delights to ſave :
 Yea evermore, I would this Sinners knew,
 My Soul I plight, that they ſhould find it true,

If

If only try'd, if only once they may
 But halt and hear what *their own* Heart shall say: A
 There Wisdom would her wond'rous Counsels give,
 O Sinner hear thy Master's Voice, and live! and T
 Yea Sinners, (so again I loud must cry) most and T
 And I as such this Saying justify: blood and T
 Such Sinners too, who could not hide their Fall,
 Whose Spots of Sin were evident to all:
 Such sure will come, and bless that lovely Name,
 And joy to tell of his deserved Fame,
 Much sounder made on this Atoning Day,
 Than Na'man came from Jordan's Streams away.
 But see, our easy Steps the Time do waste;
 'Twere not amiss to make a little Haste,
 Left we perchance shall there arrive too late,
 And find the Watch have clos'd the City-Gate,
 For then 'twould cause us both some Grief of Heart,
 If we should not this Eve the News impart.
 We'll pass the Guard unheeded if we may,
 Cross all the Streets, and take the ready Way,
 Strait to the Place where th' other Brethren are;
 Each Step's a Mile methinks, till we come there.

N. B. *As the Word Condition has been frequently ap-
 plied in Divinity where some Degree of Merit was im-
 plied, so I thought it proper to observe here, that the Au-
 thor by that Word used in page 14. line 18. only means
 a bare Acceptation; (see page 25. line 25.) and
 surely no Merit can possibly be attributed to the mere Ac-
 ceptation of a Gift, by which Gift alone the Accep-
 tor must be made happy; nor is the Gift, because ac-
 cepted, the less a Free-Gift. Nay farther, no Gift
 can be without Acceptation.*